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THE SHADOW

WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS
IN THE HEARTS OF MEN...
ONLY THE SHADOW KNOWS!



IF **SHIWAN KHAN**

...THE CRUEL, RUTHLESS AND
CALCULATING DESCENDANT OF
THE NOTORIOUS GENGHIS KHAN
CAN DESTROY THE SHADOW...

HE WILL **RULE THE WORLD!**

THE SHADOW

OUR STORY BEGINS IN PARIS IN 1961! TWO MORTAL ENEMIES ARE ABOUT TO HAVE A GRIM SHOWDOWN ON THE GARGOYLE-LINED BATTLEMENTS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME! ONE ANTAGONIST IS AN EVIL INCARNATE, A GREEDY WORSHIPER OF WEALTH AND TYRANNY... THE OTHER, THE MOST FASCINATING OF ALL SUSPENSE FIGURES WHO FIGHTS FOR JUSTICE FROM THE COVER OF DARKNESS! FOLLOW THIS DUEL OF DUELS IN...

**THE SHADOW VS.
THE RXG SPYMASTER!!**



HEAR ME, SHADOW,
WHEREVER YOU ARE! YOU'RE
TRAPPED! YOU'LL NEVER
LEAVE NOTRE DAME ALIVE!

HMM... THAT DEPENDS
ON WHETHER I GET AWAY
WITH SOME VENTRILOQUISM!

YOU'RE WRONG,
KHAN! YOU'RE
MY PRISONER—
NOT I, YOURS!

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THE SHADOW'S VOICE
HE'S BEHIND US!...
BUT WHERE? I SEE
NOTHING MOVING!

NATURALLY, KHAN...I BLEND
INTO THE DARKNESS! GO
AHEAD--SEE IF YOU CAN
STUMBLE ACROSS ME!



STUMBLE BAH! I'LL LET MY .45 CARTRIDGES
DO THE PROBING!

KHAN SURPRISES
ME! HE MUST BE
REALLY ANXIOUS
TO FALL FOR
THAT TRICK!



OHMM!



THE SHADOW!



THAT SHOT COULD
JUST AS EASILY HAVE
ENTERED YOUR HEART
UP WITH YOUR HANDS,
KHAN--AND NO TRICKS!

HOW CLEVER OF
YOU TO TURN THE
TABLES ON ME,
SHADOW! BUT
YOU HAVEN'T
GOT ME YET!



!GASP!
MY GUN!



SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE
DESCENDANT OF GENGHIS
KHAN, HISTORY'S WORST
TYRANT! BUT WHERE IS
HE TODAY? OR YOU
TOMORROW?

DON'T TELL ME YOU
THINK I'LL BE JAILED
FOR LIFE!



AS SHIWAN KHAN RAISES HIS ARMS, A
SECRET DEVICE UP HIS SLEEVE SHOOTS
A LARGE PELLET INTO HIS PALM...



A GOOD GUESS
KHAN! GET YOUR
HANDS UP
HIGHER!

FUNNY YOU SHOULD WORRY
SO ABOUT MY HANDS, SHADOW!
MIGHT IT BE A PREMONITION
OF DISASTER?



A SPLIT-INSTANT LATER...

IT PAYS TO BE PREPARED FOR
ALL EMERGENCIES, SHADOW! FOR
EXAMPLE, MY SMOKE-
SCREEN PELLET!



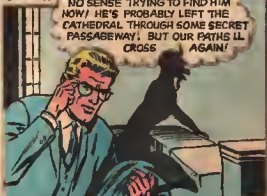
BLAST YOU
KHAN... 'GASP'
I CAN'T SEE
A THING!

PRECISELY!... WHICH MEANS
THAT I'LL SURVIVE TO CON-
FRONT YOU ANOTHER DAY...
AND NEXT TIME I'LL WIN!



SOON...

NO SENSE TRYING TO FIND HIM
NOW! HE'S PROBABLY LEFT THE
CATHEDRAL THROUGH SOME SECRET
PASSAGEWAY. BUT OUR PATHS LL
CROSS AGAIN!



PROPHETIC WORDS, AS THE SHADOW SWITCHES TO
LAMONT CRANSTON, HIS SECRET IDENTITY! BUT, A
WHOLE YEAR PASSES, BEFORE THEY MEET AGAIN!

IN THE PLUSH NEW YORK CITY TOWN HOUSE OF
LAMONT CRAWSTON, WEALTHY SOCIALITE...



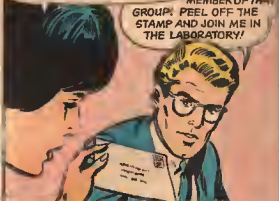
MAIL'S
ARRIVED,
LAMONT!

GOOD! SORT THROUGH
IT, MARGO! LOOK FOR AN
ENVELOPE WITH A STAMP
PASTED UPSIDE DOWN!

HERE'S ONE FROM THE
SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION
OF AMERICAN BALD EAGLES...

AH YES! I'M
A CHARTER
MEMBER OF THE

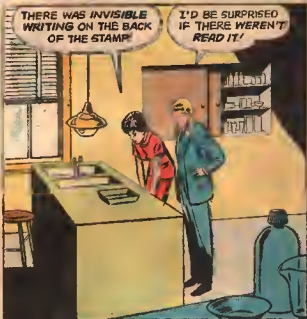
GROUP! PEEL OFF THE
STAMP AND JOIN ME IN
THE LABORATORY!



SOON, IN LAMONT CRAWSTON'S SECRET LAB...



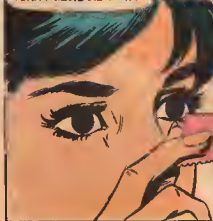
DROP THE STAMP INTO THE
CHEMICAL SOLUTION, MARGO!



THERE WAS INVISIBLE
WRITING ON THE BACK
OF THE STAMP

I'D BE SURPRISED
IF THERE WEREN'T
READ IT!

IT SAYS... "TUESDAY... NOON! FEED
PIGEONS IN BRYANT PARK BEHIND NEW
YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY!"



WHAT
DOES
IT MEAN,
MONTY?

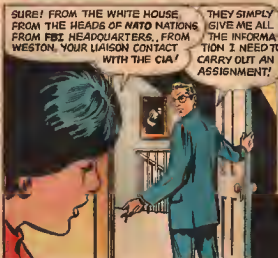
SIMPLY THAT WESTON HAS SO VITAL AN
ASSIGNMENT FOR ME THAT HE DOESN'T
DARE USE ANY OF OUR CONVENTIONAL
SECRET METHODS OF COMMUNICATIONS!

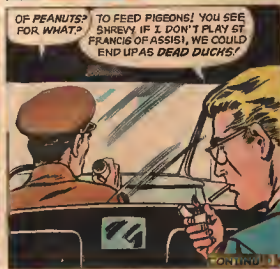
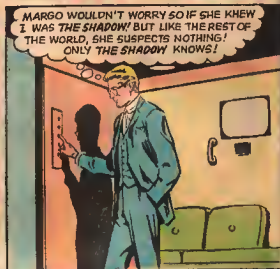
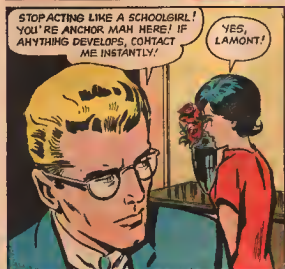
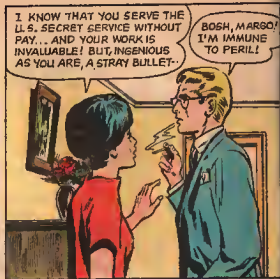
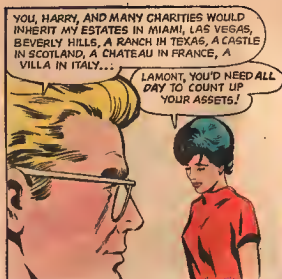


CLICK!

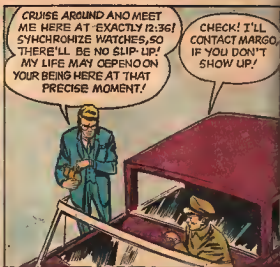
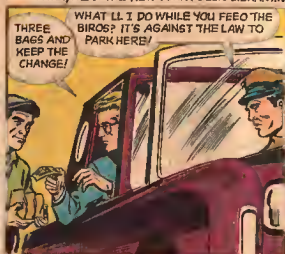


THEN, AS MARGO
LANE, CRANSTON'S
SECRETARY, SNAPS
ON A MASTER
SWITCH...





PRESENTLY, NEAR THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY...



MINUTES LATER...



GEORGE...OF
ALL PEOPLE!
FANCY MEET-
ING YOU HERE.

I MUST GIVE
IT THE "BIG SUR-
PRISE" BIT!

TOM! I HAVEN'T
SEEN YOU SINCE
CHICAGO, SUMMER
OF '60!

X-2 TO KHAN! THEY'RE SHAKING
HANDS! WESTON MIGHT BE TRANS-
FERRING MINIFILMS OF THE PLAN
TO CRANSTON!



OKAY, WESTON!
WHAT'S THE
EMERGENCY?

WE'RE IN A REAL JAM,
CRANSTON! EVER NEAR
OF SNIWAN KHAN?



OF COURSE! WE CROSSED PATHS IN PARIS!
KHAN RUNS THE WORLD'S MOST EFFECTIVE
SPY-FOR-HIRE ORGANIZATION!



WELL, KHAN'S OUTFIT'S
BEEN HIRED BY AN IRON
CURTAIN COUNTRY TO
STEAL THE PLANS OF
OUR NEW EXPERIMENTAL
FIGHTER PLANE, THE RYG!

WHY DON'T THEY
USE THEIR OWN
ESPIONAGE NET
WORK, INSTEAD
OF KHAN'S?

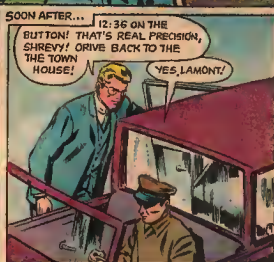
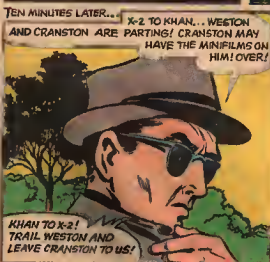
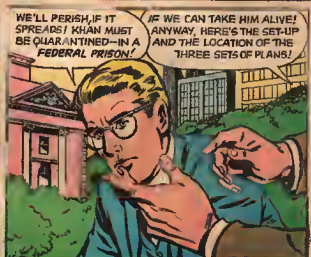
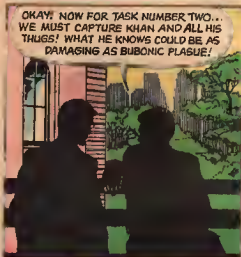
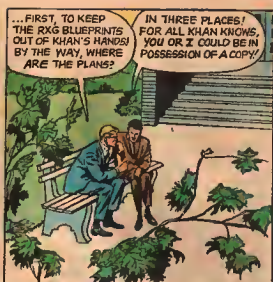


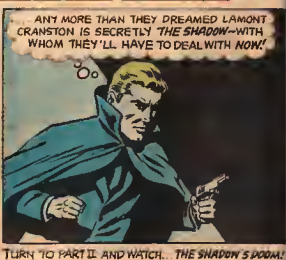
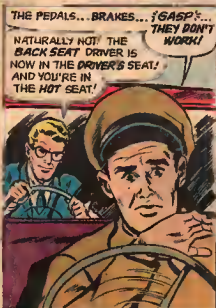
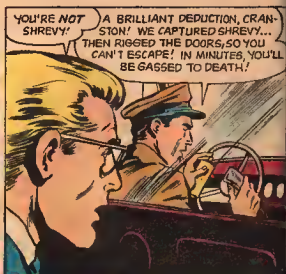
BECAUSE OUR AGENCY KNOWS MOST OF
THEIR OPERATIVES! THEY COULDN'T GET
THROUGH OUR SECURITY WALL! BUT,
KHAN'S BLUNCH
CAN--AND DID!

GREAT GUNS! KHAN'LL
TELL OUR ENEMIES
WHO WE ARE!



CONTINUED





THE SHADOW

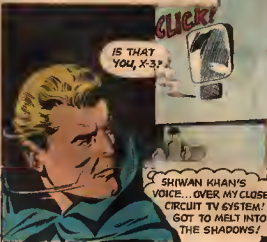
IS IT POSSIBLE THE FAMED AVENGER HAS FINALLY MET HIS MATCH? ASK SHIWAN KHAN, MASTER-MIND OF THE WORLD'S MOST RUTHLESS GANG OF INTERNATIONAL CRIMINALS AND HE'LL SWEAR ON A STACK OF STOLEN U.S. MILITARY SECRETS THAT HE HAS PERPETRATED...

The Shadow's Doom!



DON'T TRY TO BLEND INTO THE DARKNESS, SHADOW! OUR INFRA-RED SEARCHLIGHTS CAN LOCATE A FLEA IN PITCH BLACKNESS! IN SHORT, YOUR NUMBER IS UP!

IN LAMONT CRANSTON'S GARAGE, AS THE SHADOW HEARS A FAMILIAR SOUND...



SHIWAN KHAN'S VOICE... OVER MY CLOSED CIRCUIT TV SYSTEM! GOT TO MELT INTO THE SHADOWS!

CRANSTON SHOULD BE IN THE REAR OF HIS CAR-- GASSED! WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER, X-3?



SHIWAN KHAN HAS TAKEN OVER MY PLACE AND IS HOLDING MARGO PRISONER! WESTON WAS RIGHT, WHEN HE SAID SHIWAN KHAN HAD BROKEN THROUGH OUR SECURITY WALL!



X-1, X-4! GO DOWN TO THE GARAGE! MAYBE THAT FOOL, X-3, HAS ACCIDENTALLY GRESSED HIMSELF AS WELL! I'LL WATCH FROM HERE.

GUESS AGAIN, SHIWAN KHAN!

MOMENTS LATER...

WHAT'S THAT?

A BULLET, TO ERASE YOUR MASTER'S UGLY IMAGE!

SMASH!

YEOWW!
M-MY GUN!

(GASP) WE'RE UP AGAINST A SHARP-SHOOTER!

PWANG!

PWANG!

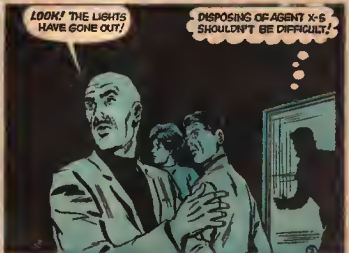
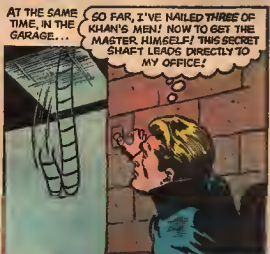
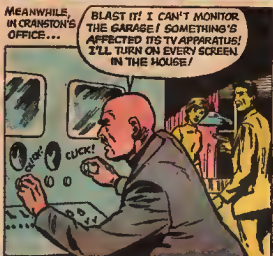
BUT, WHERE IS HE? I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING!

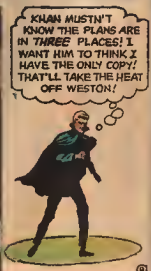
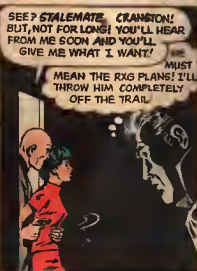
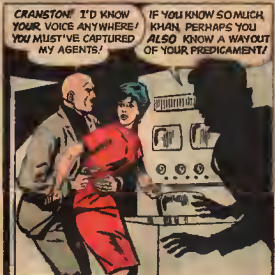
NATURALLY NOT! I MOVE NOISELESSLY THROUGH THE SHADOWS!

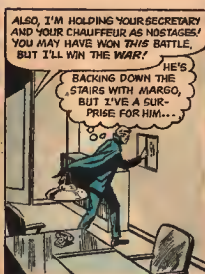
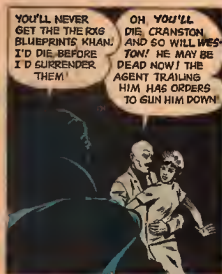
HEY!

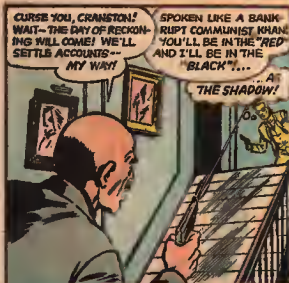
NOW, FOR A BIT OF KARATE!

OH-HH!!









CURSE YOU, CRANSTON! WAIT—THE DAY OF RECKONING WILL COME! WE'LL SETTLE ACCOUNTS—MY WAY!

SPOKEN LIKE A BANKRUPT COMMUNIST KHAN! YOU'LL BE IN THE "RED" AND I'LL BE IN THE "BLACK"...

...A THE SHADOW!



HE'S ESCAPED... BUT I CAN PICK UP HIS TRAIL, AFTER I CONTACT WESTON!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MARGO?

I-I THINK SO! IT WAS A NIGHTMARE, LAMONT!



THEY GOT CHARLEY BUT I KNOW WHERE HE IS! KHAN WAS SO SURE HE'D GET YOU. HE MENTIONED HIS HIDEOUT!

GOOD! YOU MUST BE CONFUSED ABOUT THINGS, EH, MARGO?



LIKE CHARLEY I KNOW YOU'RE WORKING FOR THE SECRET SERVICE! BUT, I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS SO DANGEROUS!

NEITHER DID I, MARGO! BUT WHAT COUNTS IS WE'RE STILL ALIVE!



SHORTLY, IN CRANSTON'S LAB...

I CHECKED ON THE FOUR THINGS YOU KNOCKED OUT! THEY'RE STILL UNCONSCIOUS!

FINE! NOW I MUST CONTACT WESTON! HIS LIFE'S IN DANGER!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

OKAY, FRIEND, YOU'VE BEEN TRAILING ME FOR TWENTY MINUTES! SINCE IT CAN'T BE FOR ANY GOOD REASON...

...I'LL KAYO YOU FIRST AND
ASK QUESTIONS LATER!

WAP!



SECONDS LATER...

WESTON! THIS IS CRANSTON!
YOU'RE IN DANGER! ONE OF
KHAN'S MEN IS
RED-DOGGING YOU!

SO I DISCOVERED! MEET
ME AT THE RENDEZVOUS AND
YOU'LL MEET HIM! OVER!



AN HOUR
LATER, NEAR
THE GEORGE
WASHINGTON
BRIDGE...

HOLY SMOKES CRANSTON!
YOU COLLECT ENEMY AGENTS
BY THE DOZEN!

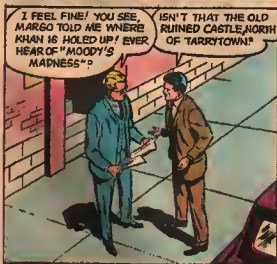
WELL, THEY'RE CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN!
IN FACT, WE'LL PICK
UP A DOZEN MORE—
INCLUDING KHAN!

ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT, CRANSTON?

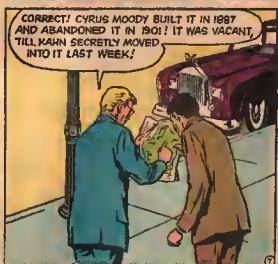


I FEEL FINE! YOU SEE,
MARGO TOLD ME WHERE
KHAN IS HOLED UP! EVER
HEAR OF "MOODY'S
MADNESS"?

ISN'T THAT THE OLD
RUINED CASTLE, NORTH
OF TARRYTOWN?



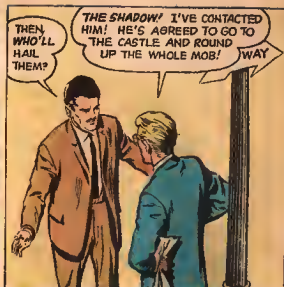
CORRECT! CYRUS MOODY BUILT IT IN 1887
AND ABANDONED IT IN 1901! IT WAS VACANT,
TILL KHAN SECRETLY MOVED
INTO IT LAST WEEK!





I'LL GET HEAD-
QUARTERS TO
SURROUND THE
PLACE WITH
100 MEN!

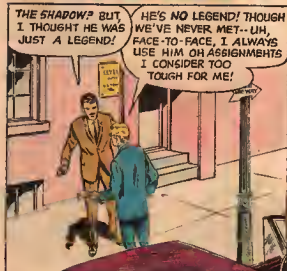
NO, WESTON! YOU CAN'T
LAY SIEGE TO MOODY'S MAD
NESS! THERE'D ONLY
BE BLOODSHED



THEN
WHO'LL
HAIL
THEM?

THE SHADOW! I'VE CONTACTED
HIM! HE'S AGREED TO GO TO
THE CASTLE AND ROUND
UP THE WHOLE MOB!

WAY



THE SHADOW? BUT,
I THOUGHT HE WAS
JUST A LEGEND!

HE'S NO LEGEND! THOUGH
WE'VE NEVER MET-- UH,
FACE-TO-FACE, I ALWAYS
USE HIM ON ASSIGNMENTS
I CONSIDER TOO
TOUGH FOR ME!



BUT, WHAT
WILL HE DO?

YOU SURROUND THE CASTLE
WITH YOUR MEN TONIGHT! I'LL
BE NEARBY, TOO! BUT, LEAVE
EVERYTHING ELSE TO
THE SHADOW!

PRESENTLY, AS
DARKNESS FALLS...



NATURALLY, WESTON
DOESN'T KNOW MY MAIN
REASON FOR BRINGING
THE SHADOW INTO THIS
CASE, IS BECAUSE I
AM THE SHADOW!

LATER, AS CRANSTON
CONCEALS HIS CAR...



LET'S SEE... HOW BEST
TO HANDLE THIS SITUATION?
THINGS MIGHT GET ROUGH,
WHEN KHAN AND I
MEET! Hmm...

SOON, INSIDE
THE CASTLE...

SOMETHING
FUNNY'S GOING
ON, BOSS! WE SPOTTED
A SHADOW, CREEPING OVER
THE WALL INTO THE
COURTYARD!

WELL, THEN
WHY STAND
HERE, YOU
IMBECILE?



IT MIGHT BE AN
FBI AGENT... EVEN
CRANSTON HIMSELF!
HAVE THE SENTRIES
TURN ON THE INFRA-
RED SEARCHLIGHTS!

YES, SIR!
AT ONCE!



SHORTLY, ON THE RAMPARTS...

THAT LAUGH! ONLY
ONCE BEFORE HAVE I
HEARD IT! QUICK--FOCUS
ON THAT SPOT OVER THERE!

HA-HA-HA!



SHIWAN KHAN!
YOU KNOW
WHO I AM!

THE SHADOW! OUR PATHS CROSSED
ONCE IN PARIS AND I ESCAPED BY
A TWIST OF FATE! OPEN FIRE!!



EMPTY YOUR MACHINES
UNTIL HE'S HUDDLED
IN THE DUST!

RAT-A-TAT-
TAT!

IEEEE!!



AH! WE GOT HIM! CEASE FIRING!
EVERYBODY INTO THE COURTYARD!



BUT MINUTES
LATER...

POOR SHIVAH! YOU'RE REALLY
SLIPPING! YOU CAN'T EVEN TELL
WHEN SOMEONE'S USING ELE-
MENTARY VENTRILLOUISM!...
SEE WHAT YOU SHOT DOWN!



A SCARECROW, IN A SHADOW COSTUME!
THE REAL SHADOW MUST'VE PROJECTED
HIS VOICE INTO THIS SCARECROW
TO MAKE US THINK IT WAS HE!

BUT NOW
WE KNOW
WHOM TO
SHOOT AT!



IT'S TOO LATE, KHAN! I'M MASS-HYNOTIZING
ALL OF YOU! I'M BE-CLOUDING YOUR MINDS, SO
THAT YOU'LL REMEMBER NOTHING ABOUT
TONIGHT OR CRANSTON AND
WESTON'S OPERATION!



PRESENTLY, AS WESTON AND HIS MEN ENTER THE
COURTYARD...

CRANSTON
LOOK! KHAN AND HIS GANG
HAVE BEEN BRAIN-WASHED!
THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW US!

THAT'S WHY I
BROUGHT THE
SHADOW INTO
THE PICTURE!...



... ONLY THE SHADOW HAS THE POWER TO BE-CLOUD
MEN'S MINDS, A TRICK HE LEARNED IN THE ORIENT!
IF YOU'LL RECALL, WESTON, WE HAD TWO TASKS--
ONE, TO CAPTURE KHAN'S
GANG... TWO, TO KEEP ALL
KNOWLEDGE CONCERNING
THE RXG FROM THEM!

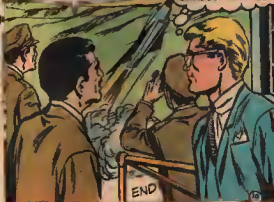
AMAZING! THE SHADOW
MUST DO THE SAME
THING TO THE FIVE WE'RE
ALREADY HOLDING!



WEEKS LATER, AT A WEST COAST MILITARY PROVING
GROUND...

THERE GOES
THE RXG ON ITS TEST FLIGHT!
IF THE SHADOW HADN'T

NO NEED TO TELL
ME, WESTON!
THE
SHADOW KNOWS!



THE SHADOW

REMEMBER THE OLD SAYING... THAT IN THE DARK ALL CATS ARE GREY? WELL, THAT GOES FOR TWO-LEGGED MAMMALS, TOO! AND, ESPECIALLY FOR THE STRANGE FIGURE, CLAD IN BLACK, WHO POSSESSES...

The **EYES** of the **TIGER!**

THOSE EYES
STARING AT US! THEY'RE
THE EYES OF A W-WILD
ANIMAL!... A TIGER! FIRE
BEFORE HE CHARGES!

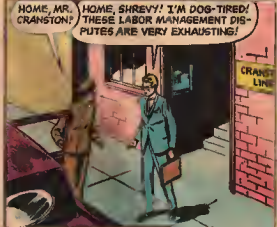
HMM... WHILE
THEY SHOOT AT MERE
STATIONARY SHADOWS,
THE SHADOW WILL
MOVE INTO ACTION!

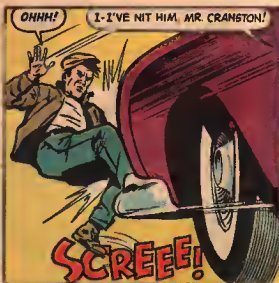
ONE EVENING, AS LAMONT CRANSTON LEAVES PIER 69,
THE MAIN OFFICE OF CRANSTON SHIPPING LINES...

HOME, MR.
CRANSTON!

HOME, SHREVEY! I'M DOG-TIRED!
THESE LABOR MANAGEMENT DIS-
PUTES ARE VERY EXHAUSTING!

MR. CRANSTON! A MAN'S LEAPING
IN FRONT OF OUR CAR!



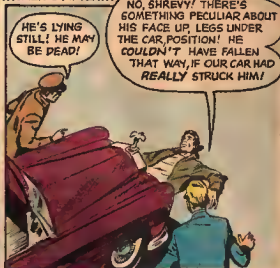


OHHH!

I- I'VE HIT HIM, MR. CRANSTON!

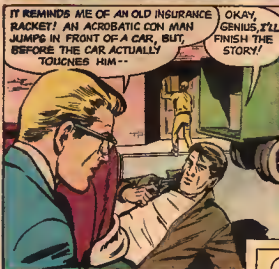
SCREEE!

MOMENTS AFTER...



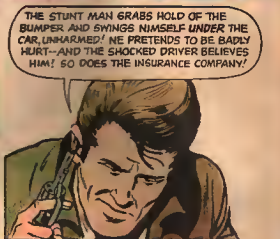
HE'S LYING STILL! HE MAY BE DEAD!

NO, SHREVEY! THERE'S SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT HIS FACE UP, LEGS UNDER THE CAR, POSITION! HE COULDN'T HAVE FALLEN THAT WAY, IF OUR CAR HAD REALLY STRUCK HIM!



IT REMINDS ME OF AN OLD INSURANCE RACKET! AN ACROBATIC CON MAN JUMPS IN FRONT OF A CAR, BUT, BEFORE THE CAR ACTUALLY TOUCHES HIM--

OKAY, GENIUS, I'LL FINISH THE STORY!



THE STUNT MAN GRABS HOLD OF THE BUMPER AND SWINGS HIMSELF UNDER THE CAR, UNHARMED! HE PRETENDS TO BE BADLY HURT--AND THE SHOCKED DRIVER BELIEVES HIM! SO DOES THE INSURANCE COMPANY!

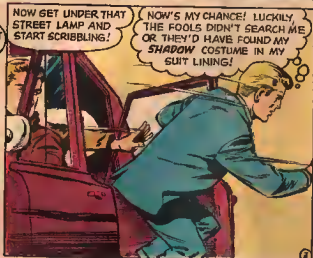
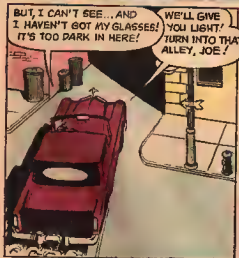
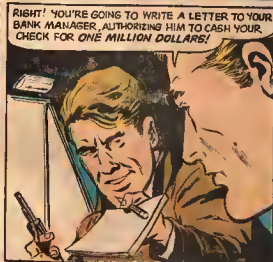
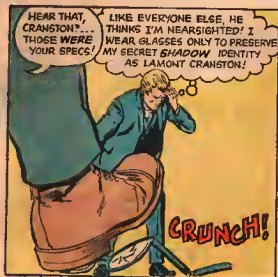


THE FOOLS SHOULD SETTLE OUT OF COURT RATHER THAN RISK A LAW SUIT! BUT I DIDN'T STOP YOUR CAR, CRANSTON, FOR AN INSURANCE SWINDLE!

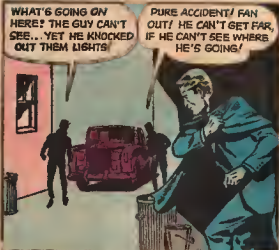


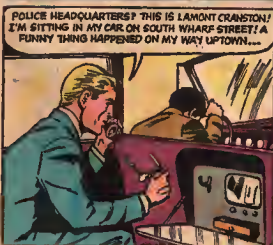
OHHH!

YOU'RE LUCKY YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE KAYOED! TAKE AWAY YOUR GLASSES AND YOU'RE BLIND!



SUDDENLY...





**COMING
SOON!**

THE ADVENTURES OF **YOUNG Dr. Masters**

DR. MASTERS... QUICK!
THERE'S BEEN A
HOLDUP ON SOUTH
STREET... TWO PEOPLE
HAVE BEEN SHOT! WE
NEED YOUR HELP!

featuring
**"Dr. Masters'
Desperate
Decision!"**



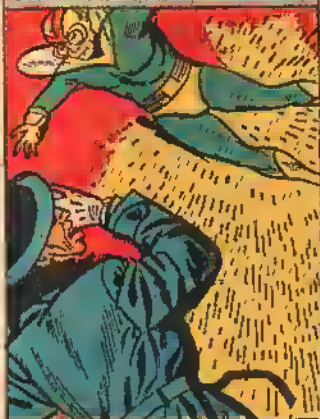
MEET **THE FLY**... MASTER of the INSECT WORLD!

ONE OF THE FAMOUS HEROES OF ALL TIME, THE FLY, ENEMY OF EVIL AND INJUSTICE, DERIVES HIS UNIQUE POWERS FROM THE INSECT WORLD.

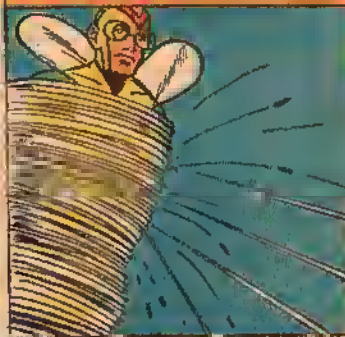
FOR EXAMPLE, THE FLY CAN WALK UP THE SIDES OF BUILDINGS...



...OR GLOW WITH THE BLINDING INTENSITY OF COUNTLESS FIREFLIES...



YES, THE FLY POSSESSES EVERY POWER PECULIAR TO INSECT LIFE! LIKE A CATERPILLAR, — HE CAN, WITHIN SECONDS, SPIN A COCOON OF STEEL THREADS AROUND HIMSELF...



NATURALLY, HE CAN FLY! IN ADDITION, HE CAN COMMUNICATE TELEPATHICALLY WITH ANY INSECT... WHERE... AND VICE VERSA!



THE FLY CAN BLOW UP A CYCLONIC STORM BY BEATING HIS WINGS...



...OR BY CONTROLLING THE RHYTHM OF HIS WING-RUBBING, EMIT A SOUND EQUAL TO THE SHRILL NOISE OF A THOUSAND CRICKETS!



AND IF ALL ELSE FAILS, THE FLY HAS HIS AMAZING BUZZ GUN... THE RAYS OF WHICH CAN TEMPORARILY PARALYZE ANY LIVING THING!



BUT DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT! READ THE ADVENTURES OF **THE FLY**!... NOW ON SALE AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD NEWSSTAND!

THE ADVENTURES OF THE SHADOW

CHAPTER ONE

LAMONT CRANSTON was bored. By all odds, he should have been the happiest young man in the world. Though sorrow had come into his life during his senior year at college, with the deaths of his two parents in a plane crash, their passing left him sole owner of a world-wide industrial combine worth billions of dollars. On his graduation, he could have sat down in the president's chair of Cranston Corporation like a monarch ascends his coronation throne and become absolute ruler over one of the earth's largest business empires.

But business bored him. The eager efforts of society's prettiest debutantes to ensnare his heart and rugged good looks bored him. He had tried, for a brief time, the playboy bit, but he quickly wearied of champagne and chorus girls. He tried writing, painting, sculpting. However, Cranston wisely realized that his future did not lie with the creative arts. His destiny, he felt instinctively, lay in an entirely different direction. But *what* direction? Where to go to discover his true calling? After much restless self-searching and weighty thought, Cranston made his decision.

Travel! . . . To the ends of the earth, if necessary, but Cranston simply *had* to find himself and the life's work to which he could dedicate himself. And so, one night, in his New York town house, he spun a huge globe of the world that rested on the floor near his desk, and closing his eyes, pressed his finger against the rotating, colored orb, stopping its revolutions. Cranston glanced at the geographical location fate had impelled him to choose at random. It was Cairo, Egypt!

"Cairo, eh?" he muttered to himself. "The center of one of the world's oldest civilizations. Hmm . . . perhaps the ancient world has some secret to impart to a wanderer from the present!"

Next day, Cranston called an emergency conference of the chief officers of his corporation and announced he would be leaving soon on a journey that might last many years.

The top executives exchanged amazed looks. "But why, Lamont?" one of them finally stammered. "What do you expect to find on this trip of yours?"

"Something very precious," replied Lamont Cranston.

"You mean like a Hope Diamond or a lost world?" smiled an elderly banker leeringly, as if he were indulging an idiot child.

"No, sir. Nothing so unimportant," said Cranston gravely.

"Then what . . . ?" asked another confused board member.

This time Cranston smiled. "I'm afraid that must remain *my* secret." He rose from his seat at the head of the long conference table. "You're all very competent men, the best in your respective fields. Geniuses, in fact. You need me to supervise your management like a hole in the head. So you'll simply carry on. Do the jobs you're so perfectly equipped to do and you will bear from me eventually. Good luck and goodbye!"

As the last dumfounded executive filed out of the board room, Lamont Cranston grinned to himself. "In a million years they'd never understand what I'm up to, so why bother explaining? The only one I must justify my actions to is myself. Now to make arrangements to fly to Cairo and the destiny that may await me there."

Three days later, Lamont Cranston was walking through the bazaars of Cairo, attracted by the sights though repelled by the odors. A little knot of tourists in front of one booth caught his eye. A turbaned hypnotist was concentrating his skill on a stout, giggling, bespectacled woman dressed in a tweed suit.

"Bosh! Nobody could hypnotize *me*! I don't believe in such Oriental hocus-pocus!" she chuckled. Nevertheless, within forty seconds she was standing before the Egyptian, staring blankly ahead as he began to issue commands to her.

Soon he had her doing ridiculous things . . . gurgling like a baby, flapping her "wings", crowing like a rooster, and kissing a nearby goat as if the beast were a matinee idol. Cranston, sickened by the spectacle, snapped, "Stop it! Hypnotism is one thing. Making fools out of people is another!"

The Egyptian raised his eyebrows in annoyance. "You object, eh?" He glared at Cranston furiously. "Perhaps you will not interfere with our entertainment when you yourself become part of it!" His eyes became black, glinting coals as they met Cranston's cold gaze. Suddenly, an amazing thing happened! In shock and dismay, the onlookers backed away! And no wonder—The *impossible* had taken place!

READ CHAPTER II OF
THE ADVENTURES OF THE SHADOW
in the next issue of THE SHADOW!